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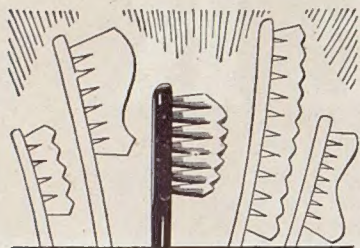


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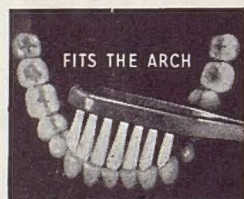
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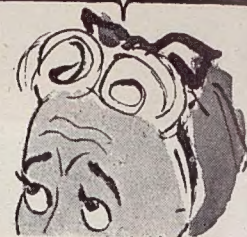
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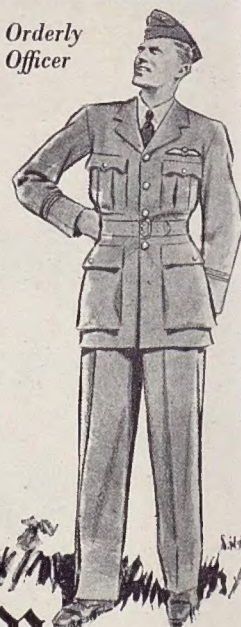
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Walter Bird

Yvonne Arnaud: Star of "The Nutmeg Tree"

Margery Sharp's stage version of her witty novel, *The Nutmeg Tree*, opened at the Grand Theatre, Blackpool, on June 2. The leading part is taken by Yvonne Arnaud, and the strong cast includes Helen Haye, Maire O'Neill, Carla Lehmann, Robert Andrews and Frederick Leister. After the conclusion of a short tour to Manchester, Glasgow and Edinburgh, Yvonne Arnaud will be warmly welcomed in London, bringing with her many of the delights and chuckles one has enjoyed in her previous plays. In private life Yvonne Arnaud is Mrs. Hugh McLellan. In peace time she and her husband, who had a charming, secluded little cottage in the heart of London, were often to be seen playing tennis at Melbury Lawn Tennis Club



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Germany, What Next?

As the United States swing majestically into line with the British Empire and Allied Forces we find ourselves asking what is to be the next move by the enemy. So far there has been little evidence to suggest that the German drive into the Middle East is being mounted on a determined scale, although it is true that an important part of the army co-operation aircraft was detailed for the attack on Crete. I have seen it estimated that probably not less than one-third of the total German troop-carrying aircraft were engaged and a large number of these destroyed in one way or another. Prodigal use was also made of the Stuka dive bombers in lieu of the supporting heavy artillery which could not be transported by air. But none of these things has reduced to an important extent the heavy bomber concentration in Western Europe on which Hitler primarily relies for the defeat of Britain.

It is probably true that the air forces now disposed in the Balkans and in Poland would all be required in the West if a serious attempt were to be made at the invasion of Britain. Invasion does not, however, appear to figure on the list of early German intentions, although we might have to revise that view if it becomes evident that the main weight of the German forces were being transferred back across Europe. Yet it becomes always more clear that German successes in the Middle East and

North Africa cannot win the war for Hitler if the British Isles remain unreduced, and striking back always more savagely at the heart of his country.

Power Diplomacy

FOR Britain, standing strictly on the defensive except in the air, next steps are relatively easy to determine. But to guess how Hitler hopes to achieve his aims during the next phase of the war is more difficult to gauge—even though we have the benefit of the knowledge possessed by Rudolf Hess and brought by him to this country. Air attacks on the British Isles, from which we were given a pleasant respite during the last period of darkness, will necessarily continue. But the growing skill of our night fighter pilots and the steadily increasing excellence of the instruments with which they are provided should mean that the toll taken of the night bomber will rise steadily. Already last month we obliged the enemy to devote a full fortnight or more to reorganising his squadrons after the mauling they had received.

Taking everything into account so far as is possible it would be my own guess that most of the present month will be taken up with Russo-German diplomatic activity. Hitler does not want to have to fight Russia and Stalin does not want to become involved in war anywhere if it can be avoided. But the German propaganda machine is once more becoming rude to Russia and a large part of the German army has been lined up to lend weight to the words of Berlin. That is the modern diplomatic method.

Berlin's Double Dealing

IT seems a pity that Russia and Turkey cannot get together and compare notes on what the respective German ambassadors in their two capitals are saying. A careful comparison of the records of conversations held by Schulenberg in Moscow and von Papen in Ankara would probably be most illuminating. As far as can be seen Papen is trying to persuade the Turks that Russia and Germany have already reached a comprehensive agreement from which Turkey will be the sufferer unless she accepts German "protection" and permits the passage of German forces through her territory for the advance into Irak and down to the Persian Gulf. In Moscow Schulenberg is hinting darkly that a full accord already exists between Germany and Turkey, including the right for the passage of German troops which might become a menace to the Russian oilfields in Transcaucasia unless Stalin agrees to whole-hearted collaboration in Hitler's plans.

As I write there does not appear to be any basis of truth in either of these statements. Indeed, Schulenberg since he returned to Moscow from Berlin, has not found it easy to obtain interviews with Molotoff or Stalin and diplomacy, in consequence, has been moving at a very Russian rate. In Ankara Papen appeared to have made some impression on certain elements in the government but the Turkish general staff was becoming increasingly obdurate.

Undoubtedly the Turkish army is keeping a very close watch on the march of events in



Colonel J. J. Llewellyn, M.P.

At his desk sits the Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of War Transport, Colonel John Jestin Llewellyn, M.P. for Uxbridge since 1929. He has the arduous job of speaking for the new Ministry in the House of Commons, since his Minister, Lord Leathers, is "in another place," and his co-Parliamentary Secretary, Sir Arthur Salter, is in America. Colonel Llewellyn was formerly Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport and before that to the Ministry of Supply. He was made a Privy Councillor when he received his new appointment

Syria, as is the British, and it may be that before these notes can appear we shall have further news showing the extent to which the lead given by Colonel Collet and his Circassian regiment is being followed by other elements of the French Forces stationed there. There seems to be little doubt that the broadcast appeal by Colonel Collet to his countrymen that they should now align themselves with the cause of General de Gaulle and Free France has fallen on many attentive ears.

Vichy and Washington

IF anything could have checked Admiral Darlan in his headlong rush towards full alliance with Germany it would have been the firm line taken by the United States. America has always been extremely popular in France and nothing could be more calculated to destroy French confidence in the men of Vichy than to realise that Washington no longer regarded them as a free and independent government. For many months now American policy towards Vichy has been based on certain misapprehensions. One cannot help wondering whether the State Department has not been misled by the general tenor of the reports sent home from its Vichy embassy, both on the actual position of Admiral Darlan and his associates and on the course of developments in North Africa.

The first sign that the scales had fallen from the eyes of the State Department was when, a fortnight ago, they suggested that the Royal Navy would do well to stop the French oil tanker Scheherazade, carrying 16,000 tons of oil from America to Casablanca. But by that time the extent to which Germany has already established a grip on North Africa was plain for all to see.

America's dislike of the idea that strong German bases could be established in Senegal and Morocco had already been made clear even before President Roosevelt broadcast a week ago. It then appeared the whole American policy of sending food ships to France, accompanied by observers, had been halted. It remains to be seen whether the American



Savings Certificates for Ulster Ministers

When Mr. J. M. Andrews, Ulster's Premier, and two of his fellow Ministers arrived in London to see Mr. Churchill about conscription in Northern Ireland, they were just in time to make a contribution to London's War Weapons Week. Here they are—Mr. Andrews, Lord Glentoran, Minister of Agriculture, Mr. R. Gransden, Cabinet Secretary, and Mr. John F. Gordon, Minister of Labour—buying savings certificates in Trafalgar Square from Mr. Albert Ellis, a Westminster warden who had already sold £2,050 worth of certificates



The General Assembly Opened: Inspecting Guard of Honour

Sir Iain Colquhoun of Luss, as Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, attended the opening session in Edinburgh, and is here seen inspecting the guard of honour of Royal Scots. With him is Lieutenant-General A. N. A. Thorne, who became G.O.C.-in-C., Scottish Command, a few weeks ago. Sir Iain wore the uniform of the Scots Guards, with whom he served in the last war. He and Lady Colquhoun were in residence at the Palace of Holyrood House while the General Assembly was in session.



Lady Colquhoun's Three Attendants

Miss Mary Churchill and Miss Robina Colquhoun of Luss were Maids of Honour and Lady Victoria Wemyss was Lady-in-Waiting to Lady Colquhoun during her residence at Holyrood. Lady Victoria Wemyss is the Duke of Portland's daughter. Miss Colquhoun is the second daughter of the Lord High Commissioner, and is eighteen this year. Miss Churchill's engagement to Lord Duncannon, the Earl of Bessborough's son, though mentioned in the Press, had not, when this picture was taken, been officially announced.

policy of feeding the Irish Free State will prove more successful.

Ireland's Troubles

IN recent months the Irish Free State has been facing very real troubles arising out of food shortages and there was a growing risk of civil disorder, in one form or another, developing. Probably Mr. David Gray, America's very able Minister in Dublin, reported his view that any

situation of that kind could only benefit the Germans, who might seize the opportunity to attempt an air-borne invasion of the island. But although America has decided to send food to Ireland, Mr. Frank Aiken, the Free State Defence Minister, has failed strikingly in the main purpose of his mission to Washington; namely, to obtain arms and other military equipment. It appears that Mr. Aiken was asked to give certain guarantees as to the use to which such arms might in certain circumstances be put. These guarantees he was not in a position to give.

I have mentioned before in these notes the

Is This the Moment?

WHETHER all this would have led to so much trouble between North and South as Mr. de Valera feared we may never know. But it certainly was questionable whether this was the moment to choose for pressing a point of principle when the practical needs of the situation were not great. Volunteers for the British Forces both from the North and the South come forward in a steady stream.

During the recent heavy bombings of Belfast, Dublin showed practical expressions of friendship which, for the time at least, swept away political feuds. Every fire appliance and ambulance which could be spared was rushed to the North and accommodation was given in and around Dublin to great numbers of refugees who, not yet accustomed to air bombardment, came hurrying away to the relative safety of the neutral Free State. Incidentally, it is an amusing fact that the German Minister in Dublin should have felt called upon to protest to the Free State Government against its dispatch of help to the Six Counties.

Seeing in the Dark

EARLIER in this article I have referred to the growing success of our night fighters. I gather that there is keen competition to get into this highly specialised arm of the R.A.F. It is also suggested to me that older men can be employed on this work than on the day fighters, thus giving scope for pilots of long experience in civil aviation who would not be able to stand up to the requirements of single-seat day-fighter work.

The night-fighter pilot must obviously rely on his instruments to a greater extent than the day pilot. A new man on the job will spend as much as three-quarters of his total time in the air with his eyes glued to his instrument board. It might be thought that looking at the illuminated dials on the control board would have the effect of making the eyes useless for a quick look-out into the dark sky in search of an enemy bomber, but apparently this is not so. Once the eye has become thoroughly attuned to darkness it remains thus sensitised for a long period and is not affected by looking even at a brilliant light for a perceptible period.



The Princess Royal Inspects A.T.S.

Chief Controller H.R.H. the Princess Royal visited the A.T.S. recently in Worcestershire and watched a march past. With her is Senior Commandant the Hon. Mrs. Alexander Murray, the only member of the A.T.S. who has so far received permission to wear a tartan skirt. Mrs. Murray is the widow of an uncle of the Earl of Mansfield.

OUR NEW PRICE 1/6

The proprietors of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER regret to announce that the rising costs of production necessitate a further corresponding increase in the price of this paper. To-day's and future issues of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER will cost 1s. 6d.

Owing to the severe paper restrictions supplies must be rationed and readers are, therefore, asked to lend or share their copies among their friends.

probability that if the British Forces in Northern Ireland were to move into defensive positions in the Free State before an actual German landing had taken place civil war would probably result. Last week we had the new headache resulting from the proposal to introduce conscription in the Six Counties of Northern Ireland. It is said that Mr. Ernest Bevin, the Minister of Labour, was particularly insistent on the change being made. It was represented that inequalities were occasioned by young Englishmen and Scots being called up for service with the colours and their places frequently taken by youths from Ireland who are not liable to serve. Apparently, too, difficulty has been experienced in organising A.R.P. in Ulster without establishing the principle of compulsion.

Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

Kipps and Not Kipps

I HAVE a perfect recollection of the coming out of Wells's *Kipps*. The date was 1905, and I read the entrancing tale over a solitary dinner in the French Restaurant at the newly-opened Midland Hotel, Manchester. I had intended to spend the evening at the theatre, but any idea of that kind was quickly put aside by the compelling fascination of the new realism. Meredith and Hardy had finished, the decadent writers of the nineties had never begun, and Arnold Bennett was not to publish *The Old Wives' Tale* for another three years. And here was this new work as actual as one's knife and fork, the waiters and the other diners. Being a bit of a critic even in those days, I reflected that here was a new master about to do for the novel that which, in the sixties, Tom Robertson had done for the drama. I finished the book before I went to bed.

THE point of the novel is that to us reading it today it all happens yesterday; the great fault of *Kipps* (Gaumont) is that too much of it seems to be happening not in the early nineteen hundreds but in the eighties and nineties. Take that turn on the Folkestone bandstand in which the Aspidistras sing a duet in the rig-out of the seventies. This is a double mistake. As a serious performance the clothes are obviously wrong for 1905, while the notion of doing the thing as burlesque did not occur until much later, the idea that gūying the Victorians is funny being the nineteen thirty-ish discovery of Gate Theatres, Players' Clubs, Little Revues and the like.

I have a perfect recollection, too, of the clothes worn by the young Kippes of Manchester in 1905, and I say emphatically that they were not of the *Floradora* period as this film suggests. Much water had run under the sartorial bridges in the half-dozen years which had elapsed since Leslie Stuart's masterpiece.

The ladies' costumes are, of course, overdone, though I have long ceased to expect anything else in films. Shop-girls out for an evening walk at Folkestone as anywhere else in 1905 did not look as though they were going to be photographed by Mr. Cecil Beaton. The Walsinghams *mère et fille* are over-gowned and over-hatted, as Pinero says of the French governess in *His House in Order*. The costumes of both ladies are brand new and suggest an ample income, whereas one knows their circumstances to be, not straitened, yet not entirely easy. They are without a servant at the moment, but their dresses spell Worth. Past-mistresses at keeping up appearances, they should also, as Pater says in another connexion, keep their fallen day about them. The mother should be the 1905 version of Mrs. Micawber, while Helen Walsingham is Kate Nickleby under the influence of William Morris and Burne-Jones.

MR. REDGRAVE is not right for Kipps, being too tall and too wide-awake. John Mills or John Carol would have been better choices, and if they had not been available, Mr. Carol Reed, the director, would have done better to go to the nearest draper's, abduct a junior

assistant and coach him. Edward Chapman would have been ideal twenty years ago. Mr. Redgrave does well, but it is always an actor doing well in a part for which he is not suited. Helen Haye plays Mrs. Walsingham like a duchess and Diana Wynyard suggests that Helen is training to be the consort of a reigning monarch.

There is an excellent performance of Shalford by Lloyd Pearson and a superb one, albeit a trifle too "classy," of the egregious Chester Coote by Max Adrian. But the film is, nevertheless, stolen beyond reparation by Arthur Riscoe as Chitterlow. This is a magnificent essay in comic bravura and exactly right in tone. Chitterlow is the one character in the film who is alive *and alive in 1905*.

Phyllis Calvert has been greatly praised for her Ann Pornick. She is certainly a charming little actress, though here again I find the performance too genteel—too much of today's neat-handed Phyllis and too little of the jaded little slavey of the super-heated basement. I have left Miss Calvert to the last because in her are summed up this film's merits and demerits. *Kipps* is not any kind of version of Wells's saga of faded gentility and dingy shop parlours. It is an entirely delightful bit of romanticism *à la* Hans Andersen.

De gustibus, of course. But the man who thinks that *The Letter* (Warner) is a bad film ought never to be allowed to enter a cinema again. The writing is taut and spare throughout, never a word too much or too little. The unravelling of Maugham's story is masterly, and the presentation by William Wyler is visual and cinematic. The film runs an hour and a half and the audience at the trade show—and it is a fairly hard-boiled audience—did not move a finger.

BETTE DAVIS gives a good performance as the erring wife, though it is not, in my opinion, as convincing as Gladys Cooper's, whose gifts of glib, shallow insincerity stood her in wonderful stead in the acted play. I liked very much James Stephenson's lawyer; this is an actor of whom we should see more. Herbert Marshall does all that shoulders bowed in grief can do, and perhaps the film's best moment is when Leslie realises that she must spend the rest of her life with a husband who has forgiven. "The horror of it, Iago; O the horror of it!" as Desdemona so nearly said. There are other good performances, notably one by Sen Yung as the solicitor's clerk who possesses a sense of realism denied the Western mind. Of course the letter is worth all the dollars the wretched husband has got, and equally, of course, twenty per cent for the go-between is a reasonable rake-off!

But did Maugham really write "Strange that a man can live ten years with a woman and not know the first thing about her!" I imagine that in the original the "not" was omitted.



Chitterlow, Kipps and Coote

Mr. Agate discusses the film of H. G. Wells's novel at some length this week. Here is Michael Redgrave (centre) as the hero of the story, with two of the men whose performances our critic praises—Arthur Riscoe as Chitterlow ("the one character in the film who is alive, and alive in 1905") and Max Adrian as Chester Coote

East and South

Drama and Musical
Comedy in the Tropics
in Two New Films

"THE LETTER"
Somerset Maugham's Play Has Been
Filmed. Bette Davis Is the Heroine of It



Lover of Leslie Crosbie (Bette Davis)
is played by James Stephenson. She
kills him for jealousy of his beautiful
Eurasian wife. On the left is Sen
Lung as the Chinese lawyer's clerk



Eurasian wife
of the murdered
man is Gale
Sondergaard



Barnstorming through Africa go Una Merkel,
Dorothy Lamour, Bing Crosby and Bob Hope



Husband and wife are Herbert Marshall and Bette Davis as Robert and Leslie Crosbie. In this scene she explains to her husband why she killed her lover and why she wrote the letter to him that, produced in court, would have convicted her of premeditated murder. Mr. Agate writes on the opposite page about this film of Maugham's play, which William Wyler produced. At the Warner Theatre

"THE ROAD TO ZANZIBAR"
Slapstick and Songs and Dorothy Lamour



This is the jungle way we are used to seeing Dorothy Lamour who has got back to the equatorial regions in her new film, "The Road to Zanzibar." (She left the torrid zones recently to be a bareback rider in "Chad Hanna.") Slave-trading, safari, sideshow stunts and songs are all mixed up in the story. Victor Schertzinger directed. At the Plaza

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Up and Doing" (Saville)

TAKING it by and large, the impression left on me by this revue, which has now returned to the revived Saville, was extremely gay and agreeable. Taking it item by item, what I felt was:—

(1) Opening, "The Shop," smart, bright, brisk, auspicious as to chorus, principals and costumes, a good get-away.

(2) "I've Got You Where I Want You"—boy-and-girl number for Patricia Burke, so accomplished, so pleasant, but not so awfully engrossing, and Graham Payn. Boy-and-girl numbers will be boy-and-girl numbers—not much good to me nine times out of ten—this one of the ninth times.

(3) "Grape Fruit"—useful north-country sketch on cantankerous *nouveaux riches*, providing first-class opportunities to Binnie Hale, who is just about infallible in everything she does in the comedy line; Leslie Henson, who can't be far off the funniest Fougasserie in three dimensions; Stanley Holloway, that rock of competence; and Sylvia Leslie. Good sport.

(4) "The Whitehall Warrior," otherwise Cyril Ritchard in two kinds of tabs, a good lyric admirably delivered. Glad we can still laugh at Whitehall. They wouldn't stand for it in Berlin.

(5) "This Can't be Love"—another boy-and-girl number. It can't be and it isn't. But it has that cherry-blossom polish.

(6) **L**ESLIE HENSON at the piano. Must start a new paragraph, if only to get Leslie Henson's name into capital letters. Mr. Henson superb. When this revue was first produced, I thought once or twice he went on a little too long. He may go on even longer now, but he doesn't seem to. His emotional grappling with Rachmaninoff may be set down as one of the revue turns of all times.

(7) "To the Sea in Ships"—Stanley being manly in the mercantile and Binnie being boyish in the Navy, both know their jobs, but the sentiment is a bit forthright.

(8) Patricia Burke in songery, looking as charming as she sounds.

(9) "Seaside Attractions"—a real gem. Leslie Henson with one eye at mutoscope on pier, lapping up Binnie Hale as Victorian siren in stays and Cyril Ritchard as Victorian

torch-singers, and the whole concluding with these two in a fan-dance that would be twice as funny if half as long.

A BREATHING for Part 2. And then Part 2. (1) "We've Got You Where We Want You"—and a very nice chorus too.

(2) "By Your Leave"—a poor sketch with a Hitler blackout.

(3) "Thrill of My Life"—a third boy-and-girl (or he-he and chi-chi) number for Miss Burke and Mr. Payn, ever-so deedy, with ever-so lighting and ever-so posturing and ever-so applause.

(4) "Yip-i-addy-i-ay"—Cyril Ritchard in



Sketches by
Anna Zinkeisen

Patricia Burke sings an unblushing song of love to Carroll Gibbons, and Cyril Ritchard croons as a Guest Artist at the "Chez Henson" night club

soldier in seventh heaven. Quite perfect, but there should be two or three pictures to explore the possibilities exhaustively.

(10) "Careless Talk"—Henson-Holloway duo—very bright.

(11) "Chez Henson"—incomparable and devastating satires on Miss Laye and Miss Day by Binnie, Cyril Ritchard scoring heavily as Gloria Gangrene, the torch-singer to end

an old favourite, with decor not lively enough and encores many too many. But of course he's good.

(5) Leslie Henson telling stories—as only Leslie Henson can.

(6) "A Kerry Courting"—pretty dreary Irish operetling, the "something rather better" that turns out to be something not nearly so good.

(7) "Adapted from the French"—entertaining sketch, with principals in fine form. Has a better basic company of stars for revue ever been assembled?

(8) Stanley Holloway in an Albert recitation. Why, in spite of the good lines, don't I laugh at Albert? Perhaps it is the metre that is so deadly. Certainly, no writer has ever been able to touch Hilaire Belloc at this kind of humour.

(9) "Falling in Love with Love"—this time Binnie is the girl in the boy-and-girl number and the setting is medieval. But, as I have remarked before, revue has never got within centuries of the Middle Ages yet. Not inspiring.

AND (10) just before the finale, and just when you are beginning to regret that Part 2 isn't as good as Part 1, "The Elocutionist," a dream of a turn, with Stanley Holloway at his unobtrusive best reciting "The Green Eye of the Little Yellow God," while Leslie Henson and Cyril Ritchard, as two pukka sahibs in a box, intervene on the ground of local accuracy. Again, Berlin wouldn't stand this. But we just roar with laughter. And go home glad to have revisited *Back and Still Doing*, as it might have been rechristened.



Stanley Holloway and Binnie Hale sing "To the Sea in Ships," and Leslie Henson contributes with feeling an occasional "That's Right" in the Blackpool sketch entitled "Grape Fruit"



Jack and Daphne Barker stand in the doorway of Olive Lodge, their attractive Hampstead home. Rumour has it that this versatile pair will be seen in revue before long. Jack is in the Home Guard and gets a critical look-over from his wife before going on duty



A clever mirror-study of a clever artist: Daphne Barker not only sings and mimics, but is also a dancer, designer and painter. She designs all her own clothes, was Daphne Day before her marriage

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Jack and Daphne Barker

A Versatile Cabaret Couple at Their Hampstead Home

Jack and Daphne Barker, who delight audiences with their snappy cabaret songs, are a talented and busy couple. Sometimes, after a London performance, they give shows in the small hours to night workers at various aircraft and other war-production factories. Also they have been adopted by a bomber station, where they entertain pilots and crews before they start out on night raids. Jack Barker is an Australian who formerly toured England and the U.S.A. with John Walsh. He now sings with, and accompanies his wife and acts as business manager for them both

(Right) Daphne is seen working on some sketches for a revue number. Her pencil is rarely idle, and she does some very amusing caricature drawings of her audiences, as well as water-colour portrait-sketches of friends, on the stage and off



Annie, the cook-housekeeper at Olive Lodge, points out in no uncertain terms that butter is rationed. Mr. and Mrs. Barker appear duly penitent and have a "we'll try to do better with the butter" look on their faces



Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Buckinghamshire

LATE frosts and lack of rain are making people's gardens backward. Mrs. David Livingstone-Learmonth, who has a charming cottage in Brill, gardens energetically, and is rather spasmodically writing a new novel to succeed *In Our Metropolis*, which came out last autumn. Her brother-in-law, Brian Livingstone-Learmonth, went to Tokyo for the Foreign Office, and is not allowed to return and rejoin the Navy, which he used to be in, having gone through Osborne and Dartmouth.

An old friend of hers, Francis Yeats-Brown ("Bengal Lancer"), is living at Tring, his London house having been blitzed, but petrol shortage prevents them from visiting each other.

Prevalent shooting of foxes is reported in the neighbourhood. One dead cub was found with its brush removed—pretty unsporting to display a trophy acquired in such a way!

At Lunch

EVEN on a Saturday there were a few celebrities lunching at the Ivy. Mr. Noel Coward came in, with Miss Lilian

Braithwaite and her daughter, Miss Joyce Cary. Mr. Basil Dean was with his wife, Miss Victoria Hopper, and a nice young actor now in uniform (the glamorous kilt) was Edward Dudgeon. Mrs. Colin Lampson was without a hat, and in navy-blue, with attractive white revers. No women in uniform at all.

It will be interesting to see if the frivolous girls go mad on being conscripted and drilled. Munition-making might be better; I am told it is not necessary to be clever to make a successful bomb; intellectual girls, earnestly attempting to do so, go hopelessly astray.

Gay Person

KATHLEEN LADY DOMVILLE is someone who remains in London and keeps her own and other people's spirits up. She has been twice blitzed, and spent an interval at her club while planning a third flat of her own.

She has always given most delightful parties; not too big, and cleverly chosen people, and is amusing and attractive; very slim.

Another gay person, with very original good looks, who was in London last week, was Lady Daresbury, wearing a short fox-fur coat, diamond earrings and a clip in her hair. She has eyes like that famous Pharaoh's wife—was she called Nerfertiti?—with masses of eyelashes, and has been well known as a horsewoman since she was Miss Joyce Laycock.

Empire Links

AUSTRALIANS always say that this paper is much read in their country, which started me discovering how many celebrities over here are actually Australian. Lots on the stage—Cyril Ritchard, for instance, and Madge Elliot; lovely Janet Johnson from Adelaide, now Mrs. Charles Birkin, Vera Pearce, Marie Ney—in Australia at the moment—Robert Helpmann, back in London again with the Sadler's Wells Ballet, after their tour, and lots of others, no doubt, if one got around to finding out.

Then there is Margaret Vyner, now Mrs. Hugh Williams; David Low and Stanley Parker, cartoonists; Mrs. Margery Winter Cooke and Mr. Ulick Browne, dress designers; Mr. Reginald Purbrick and Mr. Douglas Cook, Members of Parliament; Miss Helen Simpson and Miss Winifred James, writers; Mr. Campbell Dixon, the film critic; Ruth Naylor, the opera singer; and so on, through every kind of activity. Among Society looks, Mrs. Delmar Morgan's are hard to beat.

More Cabaret

I HAD never seen Adelaide Hall until the other night, at the Savoy, there she suddenly was, a big, bouncing girl dressed

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Queen Mary Inspects a Y.M.C.A. Mobile Exhibition

Queen Mary, who celebrated her seventy-fourth birthday on Monday last week, paid a visit recently to the mobile photographic exhibition of the Y.M.C.A., and saw a new tea-car—No. 500—handed over by the Duchess of Beaufort on behalf of the Credit Traders' Association to the Y.M.C.A. In the group here are the Duchess of Beaufort, Queen Mary's niece; Queen Mary, the Duchess of Kent, who accompanied Her Majesty; Lady Gunston, Sir Derrick Gunston, M.P. for the Thornbury Division of Gloucestershire, and Mr. E. E. Wickens



Compton Collier

Viscountess Fincastle and Her Son

John Alexander Murray, Viscount Fincastle, is the two-year-old grandson and heir of the Earl of Dunmore. His father, Captain Lord Fincastle, Cameron Highlanders, was killed in action in June last year. His mother was the Hon. Pamela Kate Hermon-Hodge before her marriage in 1938, and is the eldest of Lord and Lady Wyfold's four daughters. This picture was taken at her father's home, Sarsden House, Churchill, in Oxfordshire, last summer, but was not then released for publication owing to mourning. The late Lord Fincastle was Lord and Lady Dunmore's only son, and was thirty-two when he was killed

Social Round-about

(Continued)

pour le sport in a coat and skirt and red muffler, singing away like anything.

Diana Wynyard was in the room, her hair swept up as tautly as ever, almost as if impelled upward by some reversal of the laws of gravity. One is apt to associate actresses one has not met privately with the part they were most recently seen in, and I got quite a shock, seeing her thus strayed out of the plot of *No Time for Comedy*, and with a companion not listed on the programme. She was wearing a pretty dress, with a sparse pattern on a white ground.

Another well-known occupant of the room was Sir Louis Stirling. He is a great character, and justly proud of having emerged from the East Side in New York, to become one of the very few American knights. He made a fortune, of which he has given away an enormous proportion, and is as interesting a personality as he is kind.

And Still More

THE May Fair had a special War Weapons Week push to haul in some money, and after the ordinary cabaret—consisting of the not-at-all-ordinary Aspidistras—Arthur Riscoe came and made some jokes, and then Patricia Burke, in a fetching crinoline, went round the tables collecting contributions, after which she led diners in "Land of Hope and Glory"—it was all a bit like a liner sinking in a film. Financial results were good—might have been better if everyone had realised that they were being asked for investments in savings, and not donations. The largest contributor was Mr. Joe Davis, the billiards champion.

Patricia Burke, now in *Up and Doing*,

is a daughter of famous Marie Burke, and a very attractive, charming girl, with a pleasant, cool, slim handshake—we shook hands on a mutual ability to sleep through air raids.

Battersea Park

ALL the parks are in great form, and full of jolly-looking people. I hadn't patronised Battersea since before the war, and was eager to rediscover the mouldy old stag and two owls which used to live in enclosures there. They were always impossible to find deliberately: it was necessary to walk around until one happened on them. No success this time, so perhaps they've been evacuated, or stuffed, or just buried.

Lots of lovely flowers, though—stocks and wallflowers, lupins just beginning, irises, tulips, rhododendrons, lilac, and pansies squatting close to the ground. Also a rather odd war memorial I never saw before—three soldiers on a pedestal, with a particularly nasty snake round their ankles.

Just across the river was the sad substitution of a cloud of dust for Chelsea Old Church.

Clubs

THERE are so many of these, crouching behind peeling porticos, that it is amazing how they all keep going, even assisted by the weeding-out methods of the enemy. The food and drink is usually much better and much cheaper than in restaurants, but, of course, the uproarious atmosphere is lacking.

I should think it must be necessary for members to memorise some landmark near the entrance to know which club they are in, so same does the atmosphere inside appear to be. The Oxford and Cambridge is instantly distinguishable by the splurge of vast horny heads just inside; I think



Margot Lady Chesham

Yevonde

Margot Lady Chesham is to be married shortly to Mr. Francis Lorne, the architect. She was Miss Margot Mills before she married Lord Chesham in 1915; she has one son, now a Second-Lieutenant in the R.A.; and a three-year-old granddaughter. She divorced her husband four years ago; has lately been working hard for the W.V.S. Mr. Lorne was the architect of the Anglo-American building in Johannesburg, and another design of his is the St. Dunstan's Home for the Blind, in Brighton

tapiti is the name of the beasts, and it seems they come from somewhere neatly named Big Horn Mountain.

Of course, there are rowdy little mixed eating-places called clubs, but the word really only means those sombre haunts cunningly devised by men to protect themselves from the high whine of their own women.

Sporting Reminiscences

MRS. HOPKINS, who looks after me and my house, has the most fascinating memories of the Turf, the dogs and all-night card-parties. Once in one week she made a packet on Weatherlane (the King's horse), took a trip to Boulogne, came back and rounded off the week by putting a pound on an outsider called Æthon, which came in at 40-to-1, ridden by Pat Beasley. So far as she knows, this horse ran only once before—unplaced—and never since.

On Bank Holidays she used to go racing, or to the dogs, with parties of friends; thence to the pubs; and wind up with all-night crown-and-anchor parties, ended by a good breakfast at 8 a.m.

It's a shame about all the lovely things the war has curtailed. Still, everyone manages a few parties just the same, on Mrs. Hopkins' principle that, if you don't get your fun, what are you fighting for?

Having Tea

THIS is an almost universal, though little discussed habit, prevalent at all times of day in offices, but usually confined to between four and five in homes and hotels.

Miss Patricia Desmond, the actress, who recently came over here from America, where she had been acting with John Barrymore on Broadway, was someone having it out the other day. She is just off to join the Marie Tempest tour of *The First Mrs. Fraser*, and is taking over the part of the second Mrs. Fraser. Miss Olga Lawrence, the mannequin who looks like Joan Crawford, was there too.



Wedding in Somerset

Major Sir John Gilmour, Bt., Fife and Forfar Yeomanry, and Miss Ursula Maby Wills, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Wills, of Manor House, Abbots Leigh, near Bristol, were married at Abbots Leigh Church. Sir John Gilmour succeeded his father in 1940 as third baronet. The Gilmour place is Montrave, in Fifeshire



Wedding in Sussex

Miss Patricia Unity Rank and Lieut. Charles Compton, R.N., were married at Chichester register office. He is the younger son of Mr. A. H. Compton, and Mrs. Compton, of Hong Kong. She is the daughter of the late Rowland Rank, and Mrs. Rank, of Aldwick Place, West Sussex

Red Cross Flag Day

All Ranks in the London Red Cross
Prepare for June 5th



Mrs. Arthur Fawcus, joint organiser of the Flag Day with Mrs. Richard Jessel (right), is seen with the Countess of Limerick, President of the Red Cross Society, and Lady Louis Mountbatten (Chairman of the Flag Day Committee), President of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, both County of London



This cheerful group of enthusiastic helpers, who will sell flags for the Red Cross and St. John War Organisation, was taken at 43, Belgrave Square, the headquarters of the Flag Day

For months past two organisers, Mrs. Arthur Fawcus and Mrs. Richard Jessel, helped by many more voluntary workers, have been preparing for the grand Flag Day to be held to-morrow in London. This is part of an Empire-wide effort on behalf of the Red Cross and St. John War Organisation. Six million flag-day emblems and thousands of collecting-boxes, were destroyed in a recent raid



The Hon. Mrs. Quintin Hogg, whose husband is M.P. for Oxford City and elder son of Viscount Hailsham, has three of last year's debutantes with her. They are Miss Joy Holdsworth Hunt, Miss Henriette (Rita) Sutherland, and Miss Jane Colles, who came out together and are great friends both on and off duty



(Left) Mrs. E. Karslake, Miss Bunty Johnson and Miss J. Davis are three more workers "ready for the road." Those with a Maltese cross on the apron are V.A.D.s of the Order of St. John



(Right) Mrs. Max Kirby, the Hon. Pamela Stanley and Miss Vere Shephstone are also willing helpers. They have given first-rate entertainments and a "Spitfire Revue" for the Chelsea A.R.P.



Mrs. Alan de Pass, Miss Valerie Cole (niece of the late Prime Minister's wife, Mrs. Neville Chamberlain), Mrs. Prentice, A.R.R.C., Acting County Director of the County of London Red Cross, Miss Billie Le Mar and Mrs. Harold Stephen are pictured here



In the group above are Miss Millicent Wood, Miss Eileen Hayter, Mrs. Richard Jessel, Miss Ortweiller and Miss Heather Anderson. Mrs. Richard Jessel, joint organiser of this colossal Flag Day, is sister of Sir George Lewis, Bt., and sister-in-law of Sir George Jessel, Bt.

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"It's certainly unfortunate that this one should be a delayed action"

LORD CASTLEROSSE remarked with a cheery laugh a few days ago, apropos the most recent large-scale Army exercises, that to see the "invaders" hurled back every time with heavy losses on these occasions is extremely gratifying. (The same thing has been happening lately on Soviet Army manœuvres.) So far as we remember he made this the text for a little sub-acid homily against complacency, which was of course a very good thing to do.

There seems an idea for the Warbox hidden here, simple as Big Business and subtle as Ulysses. Supposing it leaked out, after the next big Army exercises, that for the first time in the history of the *Kriegspiel* in any country the "invading" forces had put it across the "Homeland" forces with ridiculous ease? Supposing there were rumours of high brasshats slung in the can for this mishap, while the Press screamed alarm like a thousand cockatoos and the General Staff was photographed in sixteen positions of well-acted despair? Might not the Boche, well-fed by his spies, be moved to seize his chance and come bounding happily over, to get it right on the button, socko?

This isn't our idea, it's the idea—with several obvious flaws in it—of a rather faded Guardee we know. Grandes cocottes who lose their youth and glamour often go in for good works, Guardees in the same position often go in for thinking.

Dump

AND speaking of ideas, Nashville, Tennessee, which inspired O. Henry's best story and recently gave birth to a dainty scheme for printing newspaper ads. on perfumed paper, is in the market with a good one for the ultimate disposal of Herr Hess. After pumping him dry, says the editor of the *Nashville Tennessean*, Churchill should throw him back and wait for the fireworks.

We vaguely remember hearing of a nice monkeywrench chucked into the works of a Chicago gang by this means, the police saving themselves thereby a lot of trouble. Possibly such procedure might discourage other big Nazis who might be looking for a good home and kind nurses, with plenty of bacon-and-eggs and hourly B.B.C. health-bulletins. But Hess's return by parachute to the Fatherland and the subsequent turmoil might split the gang even sooner, and we don't overlook, either, the old German national indoor sport of suicide, which flourished so remarkably during the first German Reformation and has never really gone out of fashion, like backgammon or snakes-and-ladders with us.

There's one difficulty Nashville, Tennessee, certainly has overlooked, and that is the inevitable outcry from the aunties who have read that Hess is fond of doggies and know therefore that he must have a Good Heart Really. We could drop them over as well, perhaps?

Protocol

WORLD-SENSATION No. 2 in this odd war, so far as we cricket fans are concerned, was the incident of that pro. who turned up at Lord's recently in uniform as a visiting officer of H.M. Forces.

Respecting the protocol and anxious not to metagabolise the M.C.C., the modest pro. quietly sought to join his brethren in their lowly pen, corral, or quarantine, but was hoicked out and asked to luncheon by the President. The delicate and conflicting social problems involved, were we to discuss them here, would sound familiar to students of 17th-century Spanish Court etiquette or the heraldic preoccupations of the old Prussian Junkerdom. Whether or not this incident will encourage Players to be saucy, or disrespectful, or careless, whether they will mock the

Aspiration

CRICKET diverts us so profoundly in its social and ethical aspects that we earnestly pray the Gentlemen-Players protocol may survive any changes following this war. It is the apotheosis of that art of distance-keeping which dignifies every stratum of the Island Race, it is traditional, it is precious, and if it were swept away we should probably find Players winking at Gentlemen's female relations, or something equally awful, like the newly-released serfs of Old Russia.

Tabu

A coy little Parliamentary answer by Mr. Ernest Brown having revealed that horseflesh is being mixed with beef in "various articles of popular consumption," one wonders why horseflesh shops on the Continental model are not being opened everywhere; except that this is a sensible step and contrary therefore to departmental procedure.

Objection to and pother about horseflesh—the horseflesh you know about, that is to say, not the horseflesh you don't

(aha!)—seems exclusive to these islands, and is based chiefly on sentimentality, according to a psychologist we know. The populace shrinks from knowingly eating horse, he claims, because that long, kind, sad equine face reminds it of its nearest and dearest, Cousin Effie and Aunt Madge, and Mrs. Badgwick, who gave Mabel that fancy Dresden bowl, and that Duchess-who-opened-the-bazaar, and all those cricketers you see in the papers, and the M.C.C., and Drake, and Hawkins, and Glorious Devon, and Mother O' Mine, and all the rest of it. For this reason the boucherie chevaline, with its gilt triple horse-head sign, could never, he says, be a familiar object in our



"To what do you attribute your longevity?" "To water"

(Concluded on page 354)

All-star Lawn Tennis

Exhibition Matches at Surbiton
in Aid of the Red Cross



Miss Jean Nicoll, in the front rank of young English tennis players, was partnered in one of the exhibition matches by Miss Billie Yorke. She has played in many such events in aid of war charities



Some members of the three Services who took part in the tournament are E. R. Avory, in the Navy; Mrs. Hammersley (Freda James), now in the M.T.C.; and Flt.-Lieut. Camille E. Malfroy, the New Zealander, in the Air Force

Miss Norah Cleather, Secretary of the All-England Lawn Tennis Club, helped at the gate. The matches were held at Surbiton Club in aid of the British Red Cross and the Lord Lieutenant of Surrey's Fund



(Below) Many famous players competed in these matches. Mrs. Eric Peters (who has often partnered her husband in the Mixed Doubles), Mr. H. A. Sabelli, a member of the Home Guard and Secretary of the L.T.A., Mrs. Morris (Rosemary Thomas), Miss Joan Ingram and Miss Margot Lumb (a noted squash player) were snapped on the court



Major H. D. Rice, from Canada, was snapped with Mrs. Michael Menzies (Kay Stammers). Miss Billie Yorke and Mrs. Hammersley (Freda James) are standing behind them. The tournament was organised by Nigel Sharpe, the well-known tennis player



Standing By ...

(Continued)

streets, any more than you could ever get the citizenry to look at "black bread," that delicious rye product which is, or was, one of the staples of Germany.

To get rid of this mass-inhibition would be a long business, because equine types are apparently increasing, and there the Mater rests at present, as the All England three-quarter said after felling his mother to the floor.

Change

OUR little I. Zingari cap is raised to Mr. Clive Upton, the *Daily Sketch* cartoonist, who drew a section of an average London crowd rushing to do its share in War Weapons Week, and didn't include in it even one of those ravishingly beautiful creatures with long slim legs and big gay eyes to whom the artist boys are so lavishly attached, on paper. Every pan in Mr. Upton's sketch was nice but homely, and how refreshing.

Mr. Upton evidently prefers the truth, which is, as Pierre Louÿs or somebody remarked, that so far as women alone are concerned one eyeworthy specimen in twenty-five is about as much as one can

hope for. (This applies to practically every capital in the world except New York, where the beauty-percentage on Fifth, Park, and Madison is so sickeningly high that you feel as if you 'd been living exclusively on chocolates for weeks; very expensive chocolates de chez Sherry, and all exactly the same.) Another artist who sticks to stern reality is the brilliant and witty Pole, Feliks Topolski, whose first published series of London crowd studies (1935) contained, as a postscript, a sketch of an eyeworthy sweetheart with the explanation that the artist felt, rather apologetically, he ought to draw one attractive female at least.

The rest of the black-and-white boys stick to the old fairy-tale convention and diligently people an illusory London with loveliness you rarely see; and if you do see it, and overcome by gratitude to its Creator, you murmur your thanks in passing in the frank Southern manner, it calls a policeman and they sling you in the cooler.

Feathers

IT has been adjudged necessary by the War Office to announce that the mess-dress which certain urban Home Guard battalion commanders have been trying to force on their subalterns has no official sanction; which seems a pity, at this critical period in the Empire's fortunes.

Although we hicks and clods in the

invasion areas are almost wholly occupied at the moment in practising with Tommy-guns, grenades, and what not, some of us can still realise that the drabness of his battle-dress must be the principal and agonising preoccupation of many a City slicker, to whom allure and flaffa are all-important, as so many poor village maids have rueful cause to know.

When the history of the Home Guard is ultimately written it will, or should, appear that the first cry for commissions (such as they are) came from the town, not the country, and it's our private feeling that the first cry for mess-dress was raised by a chap who had a date with a blonde at the Berkeley. Don't look round yet, but we have an idea he was probably a stockbroker.

Enigma

WHILE the 4800-year-old mummy of Ra-Nefer, one of the less macabre show-pieces of the Royal College of Surgeons museum, took a knock during the recent bombing, the stuffed body of Jeremy Bentham the Utilitarian in the Anatomy Museum of London University is still intact, it appears.

Why having stuffed Mr. Bentham, the nub of whose philosophy was that pleasure is the sole object of life, they put him in a glass museum case instead of a great national shrine in Fleet Street, where his most ardent disciples toil day and night, with roseleaves—and often vineleaves—in their hair, to make everybody happy, we've never understood. It can't be a question of counter-attraction, the nearest collection of stuffed bodies being in Printing House Square. (These are not publicly shown, but a chap who has seen them tells us the stuffed mermaids—so-called—at Port Said are much better value, aesthetically speaking.)

It may well be that the Benthamite boys of Fleet Street, who strive so selflessly to make people glad that some of them won't print a single line which might upset their proprietor, are too busy to care.

Tip

SOME high-hat having complained, apropos paper-saving appeals, that the last formal graces are vanishing, from modern correspondence, anyway, we picked up the current issue of the *Times* and found only one of Auntie's little correspondents alleging, with old-world courtesy and a false leer, that he had the honour to be her obedient servant. The rest were "Yours faithfully," "Yours truly," and just "Yours, etc." (which might cover a great deal, including actual abuse).

Business men, with their cruel faces, have probably killed epistolary politeness, always excluding Spanish business men, in writing to whom you still sign yourself with the charming ancient formula, "Q.B.S.M.", meaning, "who kisses your hands." To a lady, like Auntie *Times*, you would say "your feet," or, alternatively, you might use the formula with which St. Theresa invariably ends letters to her brother: "Your Grace's unworthy servant."

And incidentally if you want Auntie to give you decent-sized type, sign yourself firmly, as we do: "Jasper Rumbelow, Vice-Admiral (ret.)," or (if in episcopal mood) "Amphibolus Barc." Athenæum notepaper is strongly recommended, and the topic most likely to click with Auntie at any time is the clever habits of birds. Never begin: "What the hell—," carefully rub off all dirty thumb-marks, and for Heaven's sake brush up on that spelling of yours.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Of course, the best way is to dig a pit for them"

Old Bill Goes East : By Bruce Bairnsfather



“Hey, Ali Baba! Let’s ‘ave that stirrup-pump o’ yours a minute!”

Letter From America

By Pamela Murray

Captain Cazalet's Visit

HAVING escorted a Polish Mission from England, Captain Victor Cazalet summoned his friends by telegram to dine in New York, among them the Harold Talbots of the international polo fraternity who were vacationing in Aiken, S.C., where the beautiful "Peggy" wore her black hair in a 1906 Pompadour, and, over a classic white tennis dress, the bulky hand-knit cardigan, ochre-yellow, which is Fashion's latest "gift" (at eighteen dollars per) to American women.

The Talbots have two schoolgirl daughters in their early teens, and two-year-old twin sons whose arrival caused such envy in "society" that a number of twins with platinum spoons in their mouths were dropped by the agency known to Walter Winchell's readers as "Sir Stork" in the following year. "Peggy" has set fashions all her adult life.

Mr. Woodward's Daughter

AN unheralded marriage between Miss Ethel Woodward, only single daughter of the king-pin of the Jockey Club, and Philippe de Croisset, son of the late French playwright and journalist, François de Croisset (né Verner of Belgium), is interesting to the international racing fraternity, of which Mr. William Woodward is such an exemplary ornament. The bride's formidable mother, "Elsie," is one of triplets, her sisters being Mrs. Arthur Fowler, of New York, and Mrs. Roger Cutler, of Boston.

The bridegroom, who had the luck to escape with our Army from Dunkirk, and then to take refuge here, is a mild-mannered young man. His mother, née Comtesse Marie-Thérèse de Chevaline, of an old French line, has stayed on the Riviera. Those who knew Paris yesterday will remember her daughters, Vicomtesse de Noailles and Comtesse de Montebello. The de Croissets' Paris house was used by President Wilson during those fatal operations after the last German war.

Miss Webster's Women

OUR Margaret Webster, Shakespearean actress and deft producer, has been bunched by the critics for her contemporary handling of *The Trojan Women*, which opens with a prologue (in place of Poseidon's introductory scene) by one Robert Turney, describing the agony of refugees from modern warfare. The conquering soldiers wear German uniform.

Andromache is played with great reserve and deep passion by Miss Webster, whose mother, Dame May Whitty, came from Hollywood to make Hecuba a dry-eyed woman of mind and authority who grieves for all mankind as for Troy.

Whether or not Euripides wrote the great anti-war play of all ages is exercising the critics. Your observer, like Montaigne, rests her head on the pillow of doubt, preferring the Lunts in Robert Sherwood's last war play.

Hands Across the Border

WE hear much of hands across the sea, but not enough of the sympathy and community of ideals existing between the United States and Canada, where would-be American eaglets learn to fly for England. Miss Audrey Paget, who would have been a debutante this year, has got her father, Lord Queenborough's permission to train with the Canadian W.A.A.F.s as soon as she graduates from Miss Hewitt's American Heathfield in June. Her nineteen-year-old sister, Enid, is in England with the A.T.S., and the baby of the family, thirteen-year-old Cecilia Paget, is here with her grandmother, Mrs. William Starr Miller.

The latest Canadian-American engagement of note is that of C. Wilson La Caille, a French-Canadian of Montreal, training with the R.A.F., and Audrey Gray, whose mother, Mrs. Henry Gray, sister of the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough and of Princess Radziwill, has been described as the "Lady Diana" of Long Island. She was one of the fabulous Deacons from Boston, and is still very good-looking.

More Aid for Us

EARNEST war-worker Mrs. George Repton, late of Park Lane, got up yet another cocktail-dance in April on the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf-Astoria for American Friends of Britain—her own show.

The English Speaking Union never lets up; they remembered Shakespeare's birthday and St. George's Day with readings from the Bard. The most interesting item on the May agenda was a debate between the Hon. Mrs. Christopher Freemantle, who is working with the Inter-Allied Information Centre, and Mr. Laurence Eliot Bunker, of Harvard and Cambridge, on "Are there any Satisfactory Federal Alternatives to Federal Union?" Mr. Bunker was likely to get the best of it, being a lawyer and Counsel for the New York Chapter of Federal Union, (P.S.—The E.S.U. workroom ships 3000 garments to Britain every month).

Mr. Gerard B. ("Listerine") Lambert, Rear-Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, not only gave his famous schooner, Atlantic, to the Coast Guard Academy in New London, Connecticut, but sold the bronze hull of his equally famous Yankee for 10,000 dollars, and sent the cheque to Lord Queenborough, of the R.T.Y.C., to be used for a fighting aircraft.

Three times the Yankee tried for the honour of defending the Americas Cup, but Mr. Harold Vanderbilt came out on top with Enterprise, Rainbow and Ranger. In the last of the trial races against Rainbow, Yankee was beaten by one second at the end of a thirty-mile course off Newport, where, incidentally, Mr. Freddie Prince, the octogenarian stockyard millionaire from Pau, is taking a house because he believes that if he commits himself to a lease the war may end sooner.

"The Bridge"

A NON-PROFIT-MAKING magazine of this name appears monthly, to the delight of the evacuated children; keeping them in touch with each other, with England, and apace with their growing appreciation of all things North American.

Walt Disney, Charlie Chaplin and Mrs. Miniver's daughter, Janet Maxtone-Graham (age twelve), were first contributors, to whose editor Marshall Field wrote: "I am so glad *The Bridge* is to be published. I am sure it will be of great interest to the children over here. My only regret is there are not more to whom it can be sent."



Mrs. T. R. Newton-Dunn is one of the young English wives working at the British War Relief shop on Washington's smartest shopping street. She is very proud of her skill as a shop-window-dresser. Her husband is with the British Purchasing Commission in America.



Mrs. Anthony Crossley, widow of Sir Kenneth Crossley's only son, is living in Washington with her son of eleven and her two small daughters, and has taken a house in Georgetown, the most attractive old part of the capital. She arrived for her day's work at the B.W.R. shop in a neat lilac jacket faced with black.



Miss Sheila Broderick, daughter of Irish-born Lady Broderick, works at the B.W.R. shop on her afternoon off from a Government department. She came out last winter. Her late father was Commercial Counsellor at the British Embassy; her brothers have become American citizens.

Washington War Workers From This Side of the Atlantic

How To Buy An Island

There Are 3,000-Odd Islands in the Bahamas; About 300 of Them Are For Sale; £300 Will Buy One

Islands are not what they were, the surrounding water being no longer a defence against enemies or friends with aeroplanes. But when your island is a humpy strip or spot of land in the translucent green-blue of the Gulf Stream, beautiful, remote, and empty of other human creatures, you are justified in believing you can realise there both your adult dream of escape from the cares and complications of modern life, and your childhood dream of being ruler of a small kingdom of your own. All this is fantastically distant from the bombs and bulletins of to-day in Britain, and the idea of buying a Bahaman island is a pure fairy-story to us. However, across the Atlantic it is not a fairy-story, but a business deal, and Mr. Christie and Mr. Baxter of Nassau have several hundred nice islands on their books. Mr. Christie is a famous Bahaman character, and has spent much of his life "promoting" the archipelago where his ancestor settled 200 years ago. If there happened not to be a war on, and you happened to have a good deal of money and the island craze, you might visit their Nassau office and then translate these pictures into action. On the next pages are pictures of someone who did

The "island shop" is the real-estate office, on Bay Street, Nassau, of Mr. Harold Christie, whose ancestors migrated to the Bahamas in the eighteenth century



Island produce includes coconuts, bananas, paw-paws; for live-stock, chickens, pigs and sheep can be raised; fish and turtles are there for the taking. Mr. Baxter conducts his clients to Derby Island, where he lives, to show what can be done to make oneself comfortable and self-supporting



On approval is this 150-acre island to which a young couple are being escorted by Mr. G. A. R. Baxter, Mr. Christie's associate in island-selling. The island is the smallest of a group of three: £500 would buy the lot. The prospective purchasers gaze at the virgin soil and scrub of what might soon be their kingdom, wonder where their house will stand

Photographs by Giles—Black Star



Mail and stores come to Mr. Baxter's Derby Island across 108 miles of sea from Nassau. Robin Baxter, twenty-year-old son of the owner, rifle in one hand, props up the mail-box with the other. Behind is the Baxter yacht



The house stands high, looking down into a little valley still full of the low, scrubby vegetation and small palms which cover most of the island in their natural state. The four-square, one-storey building, with its big arched windows and loggia, stands round an inner courtyard, in which grow grass and some of the original palm-trees

The arched entrance, with its two guardian pepper-pot towers, looks out on a wild, untouched Bahaman landscape. Eleuthera is a long, narrow strip of land in the Exuema group of islands, and only one boat a week calls there from Nassau



A window of modern design was one Forbes had sent out from London. She bought it years ago, at something like 5s. an acre: not much. Not very long before the war she had the garden and surroundings of the house arranged

Photographs by
Giles—Black Star

Rosita Forbes on Another

The Traveller-Writer Plays Robinson Crusoe
the Grand Scale on Eleuthera in the Bahamas



The carpenter and the house-owner consult together about a fitting for the loggia. In "A Unicorn in the Bahamas" (1939) Rosita Forbes has described how she settled into her home at Unicorn Cay, how she got her water supply, built the house, planned the garden, and had her belongings sent out from England. Her London home has recently been bombed



the things that Rosita
her Bahaman property
it is worth ten times as
to develop it, and the
will in their early stages

land

on

has



The sitting-room, like the rest of the house, inside and out, is planned on beautiful, simple lines. Its chief architectural feature is the upward sweep of the chimney above the low, wide fireplace

Rosita Forbes, in a Bahaman hat and supple Eastern pose, chose as background one of the many lovely things she has collected during her career as a traveller, which began with an expedition to Libya in 1920. Since the war began, she has done a good deal of lecturing, in Canada and in Nassau among other places. Her latest book, "The Prodigious Caribbean," was published at the end of last year



Guests come on Wednesdays, as a rule, when an aeroplane makes the two-hour trip from Nassau. Mr. Tommy Crane flew over thus, to lunch in the cool, tiled dining-room of Rosita Forbes's home



With Silent Friends

By Richard King

Noel Coward in Australia

IN these days, when morality has sunk so low that international treaties are not worth the paper they are written on, it is lovely to read a little book, such as Noel Coward's *Australia Visited*, 1940 (Heinemann; 1s.), in which it is shown that sentiment and understanding are more reliable when the test comes than all the solemn promises made between statesmen and diplomats. Maybe it was the naivety, both touching and exasperating, with which this country believed, and still reluctantly doubts, the fulfilment of international agreements, which makes us lovable in the eyes of all decent people in whichever country they are to be found. Granted that in international politics decent people are to-day rather at a discount, the very few there are do help to hold civilisation together and prevent it from sinking into the slime which Nazi-ism and its minion-countries have thrust it. There is some hope for a world in which sympathy and understanding of the finer qualities in mankind are more binding than the written law. These are the qualities which hold the British Empire together and are ultimately certain to make it more permanent than all the hideous might by which Germany and her satellites seek to overthrow the world.

How binding is this sympathy and understanding between Great Britain and Australia, for instance, is shown clearly in this small book—small, yet so potent in its

moving implications. Take this paragraph as an example of first-hand observation: "Even in the short time that I was there, I met, during my official tour, many thousands of people, most of them, of course, only for a moment or two, just time enough to exchange a few words, and in that brief space at least eighty per cent. of them said to me some phrase such as: 'Good old England! Give them my love when you get back home! Tell the Old Country how proud we are!' This is not a facile sentiment, caused by the emotional impact of these war years. It comes from the roots, and these roots lie deep in our same past. . . . And I have the honour, in this short preface, to bring you from Australia the staunch loyalty, love and pride of a people who, although separated from you by thirteen thousand miles, belong to you as much as you belong to them."

Britain's Courage

THANK heaven, too, England, since this war began, has proved herself worthy of this heritage of devotion! In spite of the procrastination, the blind weakness of those—or at least many of them—who conducted our international affairs from 1918 onwards for more than twenty years; in spite, too, of the false intelligentsia, the monied snobs, the gilded riff-raff who misrepresented the spirit of England in the interim between the first World War and the second tragedy, the heart of Great Britain

was not really undermined, and, since Hitler and his gang started their bombastic offensive, it has blazed so brightly that it is now a beacon—the only beacon in the world to-day.

"The culmination of this blindness, incompetence and foolish apathy is now upon us," Mr. Coward writes, "and, as is usual with our strange race, the ordinary, everyday, peace-loving people are the ones who have once more redeemed our honour. I am certain that this war, contrary to much pessimistic belief, is not going to be won by force alone. It is going to be won by conviction, belief in the Christian democratic way of life and courage—not merely physical courage and the personal initiative to utilise it. This personal initiative is still, thank God, a vital part of our heritage."

It is this moral conviction, perhaps, which binds Great Britain and the Empire together so strongly and is to be found wherever the old—and among the silly, so sneeringly despised—tradition of Christian democratic life is known and understood. In the ultimate issue words, however eloquent, are of no account. And a Christian democratic life is one of deeds—lives by and thrives on and is rooted in them alone.

This interesting and vital little book should bring the decent people in England and Australia closer together than ever. Honestly, one did not always realise how closely the two countries were knit in friendship and understanding. Actually, the volume is the result of a series of broadcasts which Mr. Coward made to the Australian people. In reality, they should have been broadcast over here, where the ignorance of Australia and Australian thought has always been too manifest. However, here is a little book which should put that right. It interprets the Australian war-effort as well as anything I have so far read, and, best of all, it shows us how dear and close are the bonds which hold the Empire together.

(Concluded on page 362)



After an Air Raid



Arriving for an Oxford Union Debate on Bombing

Mr. S. P. B. Mais was the chief speaker at a recent Oxford Union debate on the motion, "That this House deplores the growing demand for the bombing of non-military objectives." One hundred and twenty-five voters deplored the bombing of civilians, thirty were in favour of it. In this group, taken before the debate, are Mr. Kenneth Riddle, President of the Union, Miss Irene Kohler, Mrs. Mais and Mr. Mais



At Long Last Uniforms are Issued to the Royal Observer Corps

By Wing Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

The Royal Observer Corps, the eyes and ears of Fighter Command, has been in existence since 1918, when it was started by Major-General Ashmore, R.A., with a few posts around London. In 1929 the organisation was handed over to the Air Ministry, Air Commodore Masterman being the first Commandant. The Assistant Observer Group Officer on the left of the picture has arrived at a typical observer post, with the new uniform for which the R.O.C. has been waiting for many a long day. Trying on the new issue is causing mirth, pride, and in some cases consternation. Some outsize men are unable to make the battledress meet round their portly figures, and a bantam member is almost lost in the folds of his. The observer's primary job is to keep track of enemy aircraft, but on this occasion an enemy dive-bomber Junker 87b has slipped in unnoticed, and has come to see "what's to do" at this isolated spot.

With Silent Friends

(Continued)

Thoughts from "Australia Visited, 1940"

"THE provinces of England have, I think, contributed more to the glory of the country than the streets of Mayfair, and perhaps one of the few benefits that emerge from this war will be the final destruction of those false snob values which have imposed themselves upon the honest heart of London."

"You can't possibly become real friends with a man if you are constantly trying to prove how superior you are to him."

"To be lastingly effective I feel that the wheels of world revolution, like the mills of God, should grind slowly."

War Experiences at Home

THE trouble with war experiences, especially on the home front, is that the incidents are almost ancient history before the printer's ink is dry on the pages. For instance, the Battle of London last September has become merged in its horror with the fury of the battles of Birmingham, Coventry, Bristol, Clydeside, Liverpool and elsewhere. Therefore, any book of such experiences must stand out alone for its individual outlook, its own interpretation of a too-common knowledge.

It is this outlook, this interpretation, which makes Vera Brittain's *England's Hour* (Macmillan; 8s. 6d.) moving and interesting, though you may have read



A Recent Engagement

Mr. Frank Fisher and Miss Norah Greenhalgh have announced their engagement. He is general manager of the May Fair Hotel, and the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. William Fisher. The Gleneagles Hotel and the Adelphi at Liverpool are other famous hotels where he has held posts. His fiancée is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Greenhalgh, and is working at the W.V.S. headquarters. Her father recently retired from the vice-chairmanship of Unilever

half-a-dozen other books on the same tragic subject. Especially her individual outlook. Like so many mothers, she was forced to part with her children; in her own case the young family were sent to America. Like so many other women, too, she saw her home destroyed and with it her home life; all the roots of affection, of domestic existence, of intellectual pursuits, of nearly everything which takes so many years to build up, and which, after a certain age, can never hope to be rebuilt. Like so many women, she threw herself into war work because only in hard work of some kind could she stem the moral indignation which every intellectual person tries vainly to fight against when the stupidity and brutality and the barbarism of war, as war, break loose to destroy, or at least retard, the loveliest flowers of civilisation.

The moving quality of the book lies, however, in her ability to interpret these emotions in a way which strikes a common chord among all those whose sufferings—mostly silent, but none the less poignant for their inability to be expressed easily—are identical. Take, for example, the pathetic description of how she bid good-bye to her children when they set forth to a distant land, not knowing when she would ever see them again, and realising in her heart that when the time came eventually, their association would never be quite the same; could not possibly be so with the gap of intervening years between them and the difference absence makes to even the most devoted heart, with all the fresh influences and experiences to help separation widen one way or the other. To the children it was merely an exciting adventure; to their mothers it is a kind of farewell. "It is the parents, not the children, who are suffering; at least we can thank God for that," she writes.

London's Courage

ONCE again London's courage is given its tribute in this book. And how marvellous it is! Sometimes I think myself that our national lack of imagination has played an important part in this. This, and a moral indignation against an enemy whose vileness is so indisputable. This lack of imagination which leads us to the necessity of having to muddle through the first years of any war—though this should cease to-day, and another one begin next Monday. In a crisis such as the present one it is a means of strength. We must thank heaven for it, I suppose, for even in peacetime it keeps our politics just and sane. In politics, experience is worth all mere intellectualism put together. So also we must, deep down in our hearts, hope, as this interesting personal narrative of the war expresses it, that "when this second Great War of our lifetime is over, we can weave from the stuff of our experience a pattern of civilisation quite other than the stereotyped design which formed the background of our youth; perhaps we may even find it to have been expedient that one generation should suffer for posterity."

Thoughts from "England's Hour"

"As most of us who have been through crises of fear or sorrow know, the first reaction when some dire experience has been survived is one of abnormal calm or hysterical cheerfulness."

"When things went wrong in the last war, looking at flowers was sometimes the only comfort I had. If you can't have safety, you seem to need beauty all the more."

"It is in the painful cultivation of personal humility and charity in every difficult



A Scottish Artist

Pte. R. Henderson Blyth, R.A.M.C., has his first picture in the Academy this year—"A Student in Arbroath." He has also four pictures in the Royal Scottish Academy, and has just finished a commissioned portrait of Brigadier Sir John Laurie. These last five paintings were all done in spare time from his Army duties. Blyth has been exhibiting in Scotland since he was fifteen. He is also a swimming international

relationship of human life, that our endeavours to found our City of God must now begin."

Incidents but Little Plot

"THE BAY" (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.), by L. A. G. Strong, is one of those novels which you will either like or dislike; there will be no half-measures, because, actually, although there are many varied incidents, there is very little connected plot. Novel-readers therefore may be disappointed, but others, resigning themselves to this defect, which is soon apparent, will enjoy the experience of being thrust into a world wherein the characters, especially the eccentric ones, are vital and alive. The trouble is, perhaps, that this story of his life is written by the hero, and although he is fifty-seven when he begins the narrative, he doesn't realise that, although life always has a kind of muddled story to tell, fate seldom has any real constructive ability; consequently there are a number of loose ends which not always death manages to weave into anything like a definite pattern.

Luke Mangan was born in Dublin, lost his parents at the age of six, and after joyfully leaving Aunt Edith's "home" found refuge with Ann Dunn, his mother's nurse. His other mentors were the drunken, talkative doctor, and his equally drunken, but much jollier, Uncle John, with an eccentric barber thrown in to finish his "education." Luke married Muriel, and getting to know her as we do, to say nothing of her awful parents, we are not surprised he wanted to murder her when he met Mary, though Mary died. However, a street accident solved the problem at last, and he settled down to peace and happiness with Kathleen. The incidents in this meandering story are always well related and interesting.



Notabilities at Newmarket: By "The Tout"

Lord Milford trains with Jack Jarvis at Newmarket; Eph Smith is the stable jockey. Although his colours are not familiar on the Turf in England, Lord Dillon is a keen racegoer, and a good judge of bloodstock. George Blackwell, Jr., is now serving in the R.A.; he is the son of the veteran Newmarket trainer, George Blackwell. P. Maher, now in the R.A.F., won the May Plate at Nottingham on the King's Merry Wanderer. Captain John Baillie owns the crack filly Firlé, winner of her last two races at headquarters, and before that second in the Free Handicap; Dawson Waugh trains. Superintended by the Duchess of Norfolk, Selim Hassan is being prepared at Michel Grove, Sussex, for his classic engagements

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

H.M.S. Hood

"La bouche garde le silence pour écouter le cœur."

Finding the Winner

NEWMARKET, the hub of the racing world, says that Lambert Simnel is not going to win the Derby, and the prophets place them like this: Sun Castle, 1; Morogoro, 2; and Lambert Simnel, 3. Newmarket has been singing the praises of Sun Castle so persistently that I suppose they must know something, and have good warrant for reversing the placings in the Two Thousand. In that contest Lambert Simnel won comfortably by two lengths from Morogoro, that consistent colt, who had previously won the Craven Stakes; Sun Castle was one and a half lengths behind Morogoro. Thus the colt of which Newmarket is so fond was, on that day (April 30), 3½ lengths worse than Lambert Simnel—say by the rough rule of handicapping, 10½ lb.

The Newmarket pundits say that they are convinced that Sun Castle is a great stayer, because he is by Hyperion; but then, might not Lambert Simnel have equally good claims? There is only one possible soft spot in Lambert Simnel's pedigree—the Sundridge blood on the sire's side. Sundridge was by Amphion, who, like his son, was a chestnut, and we have always been told that any descendant marking to that colour must be suspect where stamina is concerned. Sundridge was a sprinter. Sun Star (Derby winner) was a bay, and so is Lambert Simnel. Amphion, so renowned for high speed, incidentally traces back to the best staying blood in the Stud Book. (Vultigeur, Vedette, Blacklock), and this Amphion legend has not always worked out in practice. Lambert Simnel is quite as full

of good staying blood as Sun Castle. Morogoro may not have had all the sea-room he wanted in the Guineas, but did any interference total up to two lengths? Sun Castle had a perfectly clear run, and the big end of 10 lb. is a great deal of weight to make up. A cautious bookmaker says that Lambert Simnel is a 4 to 1 chance for the Derby and Sun Castle a 6 to 1 chance, and he further says that he will not lay you more than 5 to 1 Morogoro. These are not official prices.

To turn to some others, I cannot help thinking that Selim Hassan's Guineas running is all wrong. It does not square with his Southern Plate form. He won that race in a canter by three lengths from Mr. Sawyer (q.v.) and Keystone, who was 4½ lengths off the second. Our cautious bookmaker quotes Selim Hassan at 14 to 1, and obviously is not inclined to open his shoulders about him. Neither will he let fly at Orthodox (Newmarket Stakes winner). I think Lambert Simnel is the automatic favourite, but there is a little time yet in which to think things over—and amongst them Newmarket's Sun Castle hunch.

The Second Sea Lord

THE First Sea Lord, of course, was Noah (surname unknown), a most distinguished mariner. The second sea lord, I think we must allow, was Minos, King of Crete, who lived at a place then called Cnossus. Minos was only a memory in even Homer's times, for he lived in the days before history had even begun to be written. He was said to be by Zeus out of Europa. Anyway, he was the first known sovereign to have a regular navy, and with it he cleaned up all the pirates in the Ægean, then, as now, a numerous and troublesome crew. Those ancient pirates have been



U.S.A. President's Son in Cairo

Gen. Sir Archibald Wavell, G.O.C. the Middle East, received President Roosevelt's eldest son, Capt. James Roosevelt, at his G.H.Q. in Cairo. Capt. Roosevelt is in the Air Branch of the U.S. Marine Corps. He will act as official air observer with R.A.F., Middle East.

recently succeeded by some others, who, in due course, are certain to be wiped out.

The grandson of this distinguished sailor was also called Minos, and he, too, was a very masterful man. He started a kind of booby-trap in Crete; it was built by one Dædalus, a well-known flying officer of the period, and it was called The Labyrinth. I gather that it was a kind of glorified Hampton Court Maze, made rather more difficult by the fact that it was patrolled by a pet animal belonging to Minos called the Minotaur. Like so many people whom you and I know to-day, he was half-bull, and he would eat nothing except the youngest and most beautiful wenches; a rather dainty feeder, in fact. Crete, in even those old times, was rather a difficult place in which to find your way about. The shade of the Minotaur may still be lurking in the island.

Some Other Cretans

HYBRIAS, famous in song and story, was another native of this lovely island, and was quite as tough as Minos, the admiral, and Minos, the keeper of the famous bull. Another Cretan whom a great many of us affectionately remember was a sportsman whose identity, I am sure, is only thinly veiled by the nom de guerre Count Lycidas Acropolo. When he left Crete, so it was always said, he was pursued by the whole of the rest of the male population, each carrying one carving-knife in his teeth and a couple more, one in each hand. Lycidas saved his brush by taking a header off a convenient crag and swimming out to a British destroyer which happened to be passing at the moment.

He was first-class at most things, particularly at equitation, and he used to perform deeds of great valour on a steed



Cricket at Lord's: the British Empire XI. v. Sir Pelham Warner's XI.

Flt.-Lieut. C. J. Barnett (Gloucestershire) and Driver H. Halliday (Yorkshire) were the two first to bat for Sir Pelham Warner's side, which beat the British Empire XI. by one wicket. This was the first important cricket match played at Lord's this season.

M. S. Nichols (Essex) failed to stop a cut from Ray Smith (in peacetime his fellow county cricketer), who opened the batting for the British Empire XI. R. Smith was clean bowled by the next ball from R. E. S. Wyatt (Warwickshire). He made 3 runs and the first wicket fell for 4. M. S. Nichols had a splendid innings on Sir Pelham Warner's side, making 55 out of the total of 145 runs.



Defenders of Tobruk

The officer in command at Tobruk and members of his staff make plans of action outside their headquarters. The whole garrison, though besieged by the enemy, is busily engaged preparing defences, and repelling the frequent enemy attacks on this desert fortress



Inspectors of an Ambulance Corps

Sir William Bragg, the eminent scientist, and Lieut.-General H. C. B. Wemyss, D.S.O., M.C., inspected in Hyde Park 24 ambulances of the British Volunteer Ambulance Corps, manned entirely by women. Lieut.-General Wemyss, the former Adjutant-General to the Forces, was selected recently for a special appointment

named Sappho, a red-hot chestnut, who only knew how to go at her fences at one pace. If she did not hit them this was all right; but sometimes she did. However, as Lycidas was one of those whom you could not kill with an axe, it did not signify, and he seemed to enjoy it, so no one else had anything to worry about. He was, I always understood, quite typical of his famous race.

An Old Salt Rehabilitated

My friend of other and happier days, the highly classical "M.B.R.A.", who is always so entertaining when he adapts ancient history to modern happenings, thinks that I did an injustice to that famous Old Salt, Palinurus, in a recent reference to Italian seamen past and present, and as all the world of these times is so keenly interested in naval matters, and particularly in our own sure shield, which has not made a single mistake in this Homeric conflict, I feel that "M.B.R.A.'s" amusing reference of Æneas' naval C-in-C. may intrigue some ward-room messes. He writes:

By the way, weren't you a bit hard on our boyhood's friend, Palinurus, in a recent issue? I think, if I recollect, you accused him of being no sailor, but a read up of the Æneid seems to me to give a better account of him.

Considering that he must have spent most of his previous existence knocking about the north end of the Ægean, he did not do too badly to get that crazy Trojan fleet to Tunis without a serious loss, in spite of dirty work at the cross-roads from Madame Juno. When you consider that he had neither log, nor compass, nor sextant, nor charts, and that his ship probably sagged to leeward like a haystack, with the wind more than four points on the quarter while he was "a stranger in these parts," I think he shows up pretty well as a navigator.

Again, when the fleet cleared from Carthage he set them a perfectly good course for Naples, passing well clear of the west end of Sicily, and when it came on to blow out of the north and west he behaved in a proper and seamanlike manner, telling them to brace the yards sharp up and man the sweeps.

"Colligere arma jubet validisque incumbere remis."—Æneid, V. L. 15.

And when he found he could not lie his course even then he reported accordingly to his admiral and asked permission to uphelm and run for Trapani.

Again, when Somnus in disguise tried to persuade him to leave the helm and take a stretch off the land, as the sea was calm and the ship steering herself, he indignantly refused to leave

his admiral to the mercy of anything so uncertain and treacherous as the sea.

The great Virgil was doubtless more of a farmer than a sailor, but he was obviously a keen observer everywhere, and no doubt modelled his Palinurus on some steady-going experienced old skipper that he had sailed with, perhaps from Brundisium. Personally, I think you did P. an injustice and owe him an apology! I always felt sorry when he was knocked overboard by a kicking tiller and came to grief, because there were none of the lazy landlubbers of the flagship's company sufficiently awake to throw him a rope or a grating, or to put the ship about and pick him up—an unfortunate position for the navigating commander!

"Donec Aulas Angliæ . . ."

No wonder Mr. Churchill considers it necessary to offer to translate his Latin tags in the Commons, even if he is polite enough to pretend it is only for the benefit of Etonians.

Shade of Jimmy Joynes! What must you think of all those wasted years during which you were so "handy with the hickory"! Mr. Selden Piercy, who penned

those lines in a letter to *The Times*, is not, presumably, an old Harrovian, which our erudite Prime Minister is. How goes an old Eton stave of which presumably even Harrow may have heard.

"Harrow may be more clever, Rugby may make more row, but we'll . . ." Harrow also knows, of course, that Carmen Etonese is all in Latin, and that it has been a tradition with Eton tutors, and other Beaks, to tell those, who may have come under their surveillance, that the ability to write verse in both Latin and Greek is one of the necessary attributes of those who aspire to be called cultured. Many Etonians, of course, have failed lamentably in their efforts to scale the slippery slopes of Parnassus! Our own nation is peculiarly backward in acquiring a foreign tongue, dead or alive, and the countless subterfuges of Smith Minor which have never yet been collected in book form, would go a long way towards proving how true is this assertion. Arcades ambo (I walk in the shade); Terque (and the Turks), are just a brace of many instances.



The Staff of an Army School of Instruction

Front row: Capts. E. Russell-Roberts, F. K. B. Murdoch, H. E. N. Bredin, M.C., Major W. H. Kingsmill, M.C. (Chief Instructor), Lieut.-Col. M. McLellan (Commandant), Major H. W. W. Baker, Capts. A. L. Dumma and A. R. Hough. Back row: Lieuts. B. E. Coleman-Smith, J. Rosen, D. R. Holderness-Roddem, Capt. J. G. S. Gammell (Adjutant), Lieuts. J. C. Gayleard and E. C. Grey

The "Tatler and Bystander" Short Story

The Bagman

By Ralph Arnold

Illustration by Alex. Jardine

"VERY pleased you've come round," said Charles Warehorne. "Sit you down and have a drink. Whisky soda?"

"A small one. Thanks. I'm sorrier than I can say about poor Brenzett."

Charles Warehorne nodded.

"Poor old chap," he said. "Not that his was much of a life—always having to go about in that chair. A living death, really, for an out-of-doors fellow like my brother William."

The Chief Constable of the County looked up at the tall, grizzled man standing in front of the fireplace.

Charles Warehorne was still in his hunting kit except that he had taken off his boots; and socks and bedroom slippers provided an odd finish to white breeches and a cut-away pink coat.

"You were talking to your brother just before hounds drew the gorse covert in Brenzett Park?"

"That's right. William was in his chair by the park railings. His man Snarve had brought him out to have a look at the fun."

"Snarve left him, it seems."

"Yes. And I'm afraid that that was my fault. I'd come out without any cigarettes. I asked William for some, forgetting he'd given up smoking. And he sent Snarve back to the house for a box. I feel pretty bad about it, because Snarve would never have let him struggle out of his chair and then he wouldn't have had that fall and hit his head a crack on the railings."

"I'm not clear," the Chief Constable said, "just why he got out of his chair."

Charles Warehorne smiled.

"You didn't know William," he said.

"With a chance of seeing a fox go away from one of his own coverts, he'd have scrambled up out of his grave..." He checked himself. "That's a rotten thing to say under the circumstances, but it happens to be true. He thought he'd get a better view."

The Chief Constable nodded.

"Hounds found pretty soon after you had left your brother, didn't they?"

"They must have found at once. I was riding on towards the covert with old Colonel Fairhill, who'd also been having a chat with William, and we looked like being rather badly left. Fairhill galloped on, and, guessing the line that the fox would take, I skirted round by the west drive and chipped in again when hounds checked, just before Bowdell's Farm. Actually, it wasn't a very good move, and I'd have done better to have gone on with the Colonel."

"That gorse is always a safe find, I take it?"

"There was a fox there all right to-day. As a matter of fact, the last time or two hounds have been at Brenzett it's been blank. That's why I thought I'd have time to pick up those cigarettes from Snarve. I suspected they wouldn't find in the gorse and that they'd come back and draw Cherry Trees on the other side of the house."

"As it was, when Snarve came back he found your brother lying on the ground and no one in sight?"

"That's right. Everyone had gone on, you see. It was a pretty quick burst while it lasted."

The Chief Constable looked up, and his voice was serious.

"I've just come from seeing the police surgeon. He's positive that the crack on the head that killed Lord Brenzett wasn't caused by a fall against those railings. Someone struck him, more than once, and then tumbled him out of his chair."

Charles Warehorne whistled.

"But who on earth...?" he began.

There was a short silence.

"Look here," said Charles Warehorne. "I didn't mean to breathe a word of this, but, as things are, I feel I ought to tell you that I don't altogether trust that fellow Snarve. Never have."

The Chief Constable held up his hand.

"Steady on," he said. "Let's look for a possible motive. Who stands to gain by your brother's death?"

"Come to that," Charles Warehorne admitted wryly, "I do. First, foremost, and all the time. As you know, William wasn't married, and I come into the title and the place and most of the money. And the Lord knows I need it. Snarve was down for a bigish legacy, and no doubt he knew it. Look here, I hope you don't think..."

"Wait a bit," said the Chief Constable. "I want to get the whole thing clear in my mind. You and Colonel Fairhill had just left Lord Brenzett and were riding across the park towards the covert when the fox went away on its further side. Colonel Fairhill galloped on past the gorse to try to catch up with the rest of the field and you, thinking you could cut off a corner, skirted round by the west drive. Meet anyone in the drive?"

"Not a soul. Wouldn't, at that time of day."

The Chief Constable coughed and then got up from his chair. The door opened and a young police-sergeant slipped into the room.

"Warehorne, it's my duty to give you the customary warning. You let Colonel Fairhill gallop on. You yourself stopped, on the pretence of going another way. You rode back, hit your brother a hefty bang on the back of the head with the butt end of your riding-crop, killed him, struck him again to make quite sure, and tumbled him out of his chair against the railings. Then you galloped off after the Colonel, and were well on the far side of the covert and out of sight by the time that Snarve got back with those cigarettes. You're up to your eyes in debt and it was the only way out for you."

Charles Warehorne's face was white.

"You can't prove a word of that," he said.

The Chief Constable shrugged his shoulders.

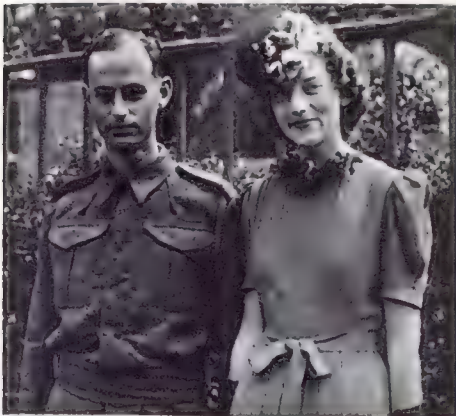
"You said you rode round by the west drive. That means you crossed the bridge?"

(Concluded on page 374)



Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements



van Moppes—Loosemore

Robert van Moppes and Betty Loosemore were married at Kensington register office. He is the son of M. L. van Moppes, of Overstrand, Norfolk, and the late Mrs. van Moppes. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Loosemore, of 5, Lorne Villas, Preston Park, Brighton



Granmer—Harrington

Sub-Lieut. Arthur Colin Granmer, R.N.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. John Granmer, of Winchmore Hill, Middlesex, and Suzanne Frances Harrington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Harrington, of Withdean, Sussex, were married at St. John's, Preston, Sussex



Hare—Ducat-Hamersley

Captain James Hugh Hare, Ox. and Bucks. Light Infantry, younger son of Brigadier-General and Mrs. R. H. Hare, of Trokes Mead, Burley, Hants., and Rosemary Ducat-Hamersley, only daughter of Major and Mrs. Ducat-Hamersley, of Pyrton Manor, Wallington, Oxon, were married at St. Mary's, Pyrton



Pauline Train Bassano

Pauline Gilkison Train is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Train, of Greenhall, Forest Row, Sussex. She has announced her engagement to Lieut. (A.) John Henry McWhae, R.N., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McWhae, of Victoria, Australia



Peggy Moss and Theodor Niemeyer

Pilot Officer Theodor Mervyn Niemeyer, R.A.F., is the second son of Sir Otto and Lady Niemeyer, of Sharpethorne, Sussex. Margaret Mary Moss is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. W. Dennis Moss, of Cirencester. They are to be married on June 14th at Sapperton, Glos.



Anne Ursula Plummer Fayer

Anne Plummer, younger daughter of the late Major M. V. Plummer, and Mrs. Plummer, of Fursecroft, George Street, W.1, and Toronto, Canada, is to marry Lieut. John Galbraith, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Galbraith, of Emsworth, Hants.



Marion Burnham Bertram Park

Marion Patricia Burnham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Burnham, of 21, Roedean Crescent, S.W.15, is engaged to Sec.-Lieut. F. N. Bennett, R.A., son of Sir Ernest Bennett, M.P. for Cardiff, and Lady Bennett, of Cwmillecoediog, Aberangell, and 8, Holland Park, W.11. She has been working for the Red Cross in London



Ruth Hunt Lenare

Ruth Margaret Hunt is engaged to Captain John Edward Graham Wormald, 12th Royal Lancers, only son of Major and Mrs. Leslie Wormald, of Pitmans Orchard, North Cadbury, Somerset. She is the eldest daughter of the Rev. Oswald and Mrs. Hunt, of the Vicarage, Dorking, Surrey



Diana Pearce Yvonne Gregory

Diana Madeleine Pearce, daughter of Lieut.-Com. V. W. Pearce, R.N., of Simonsdown, South Africa, and Mrs. Pearce, now of Kentwyns Cottage, Nutfield, Surrey, will be married on June 14th to John Francis George Perceval, Irish Guards, son of Major and Mrs. Perceval, of Temple House, Ballymote, Sligo

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

By-passing the Panzers

IN the provision of variety for the Forces, the German has shown himself to be a great impresario. Our military critics had only just done explaining what a Panzer division was, when the Germans weighed-in on Crete with an air-borne division.

It is very trying for the war commentator these days, as I have reason to know. What he says to-day is falsified to-morrow. The spectacle of numerous commentators trying to make so many predictions about what is going to happen that one of them, at any rate, is likely to come true, is highly exhilarating.

The fact is that this war moves too fast for the pen of the readiest writer. One cannot get in all the old stuff about whether the terrain is suited to tanks or not before the whole place is overrun. One cannot discuss the air strengths of the opposing forces before one of them is entirely out of action.

"Parachute troops," said the War Office—and as they were speaking to me personally, in reply to an official inquiry, I can vouch for the fact—"are of no practical value." That, of course, was long before the Germans showed that they were of practical value.

Express Carriers

THEN there were all the limitations to the carrying of men and equipment by air. Our War Department was still thinking about the aeroplane as it was when it was wearing velveteen breeches. It could not conceive of this flimsy-looking thing conveying big loads of military material from place to place.



Mr. W. J. Jordan and His Son

Mr. W. J. Jordan, the High Commissioner for New Zealand in London, was photographed with his son, Pilot-Officer W. T. Jordan, when he paid a recent visit to New Zealand airmen. Their training was completed in Canada, and they have now arrived in this country to take up their duties with the R.A.F.

When one thinks how clearly the points were put to them, and how persistently they refused to see them, one feels inclined to take out our land and air force staff officers and publicly deprive them of their whiskers.

There is, however, yet time. If there were not, I would not even voice this criticism. But there must be no further delay. Our higher-ups must learn the low-down. They must exchange their admirable antimacassars for something more modern. They must learn that the aeroplane is a good carrier as it is, and that it can still be made a much better one.

Higher Yet

AN interesting report has come out that the Germans are bringing into service a new form of the Messerschmitt 109. It seems that this machine is designed expressly for high-altitude operation, and that everything else, including even the fire-power, is sacrificed to good performance at height.

It is said that this machine is more lightly armed than the Messerschmitt 109 we came to know during the battle over Britain in 1940, and that its cannon and pair of machine-guns are mounted in the fuselage.

Thirty-eight thousand feet is given as the ceiling of this machine. Obviously, all such figures must come from German sources, and without means of checking them it is impossible to tell what trust can be put in them. But it does appear that this aeroplane is designed to use height tactically to a greater extent than any previous type.

Now, I have been expecting one side or the other to make use of height as a form of cover for some time; but I do not expect the high-flying machine to be quite so secure from the defences as some people seem to think.

I have seen it said, for instance, that an aeroplane flying at 30,000 feet would be out of reach of anti-aircraft gunfire. That is not correct. There is no height attainable by an aeroplane that is out of range of gunfire. Long-range guns throw their shells as high as the high-flying aeroplane in their normal trajectory.

But although height is not the cure for all evils, it would certainly be an advantage for many kinds of daylight operation, and I shall expect to see it developed extensively in the near future.

Using Experience

WE have a very great distrust for experience in this country, and we do everything we can to



An Airman and His Fiancée

Flt.-Lieut. William Dennis David, who won a D.F.C. and Bar last year, and his fiancée, Miss Joan Doris Physick, one of the most promising of young tennis players, went to Surbiton to see the finals of a series of exhibition tennis matches. These were given in aid of the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund. Many well-known players competed, a number of whom are now members of H.M. Forces

keep experienced men from tackling the jobs they know. At intervals the Air Ministry "issues a statement" asking for more men for this, that or the other branch of the service.

Yet I meet almost every day men of long experience who, because they may not recently have been in aviation, are not wanted. It seems that the only types admissible without enormous trouble and much wangling are the old and fossilised and the exceedingly young and innocent.

Between these two extremes, there seems to be no scope for those who wish to get into Service aviation. The result is that, in many specialised branches of the Service, one finds charming people who have no sort of experience at their job, and who are passing the period of the war conscientiously trying to learn it.

Sense and Duty

A LITTLE more common sense in the application of the rules and regulations would also be of value. There is no object gained in treating an American who has written and spoken for our cause to millions of people in America as if he were a German spy.

I suppose the answer of our intelligence departments concerned with this branch of security would be that they cannot be expected to know the names of all the famous American publicists.

Unfortunately, that is no excuse. It is their business to learn those names and to learn them much more quickly than they seem to be doing. And it is the public's business to see that if they make these kind of blunders and insult people who are trying their best to help us, they should be kicked out of office.

A CORRECTION

In last week's issue we published a photograph of Air Commodore Patrick Huskinson. He is a nephew of Mr. Edward Huskinson, former Editor of The Tatler, and not a brother, as we stated. We much regret this mistake.

Your Schweppes, Sir!



Bubble and Squeak

Stories From Everywhere

THE battle for Benghazi was in full swing. The colonel of a Scots regiment was jealous of the large number of prisoners the Australians were taking, so he called his men together and offered half-a-crown per hundred prisoners brought in.

The next day a Scotsman marched in with one thousand Italians; the officer paid him twenty-five shillings, at the same time asking how he had managed to get so many single-handed. The Scot replied:

"Oh, I bought them from the Australians at a bob a hundred."

MACTAVISH received a letter from his friend Macpherson which bore no stamp and he had to pay double postage. The letter concluded: "You will be delighted to hear I am enjoying the best of health."

MacTavish wrapped up a large stone in brown paper, and, without paying postage, sent it to Macpherson with the following note: "This great weight rolled off my mind when I read your good news."

THERE was once an absent-minded professor who died of grief. It seems that when he hid his face in his hands he forgot where he had put it!

"PETERBOROUGH," of the *Daily Telegraph*, tells the following good story:

A German airman who had been sent to bomb London returned to his base with his rack full of undischarged bombs. His commanding officer was furious and demanded the reason.

"Herr Hauptmann," replied the airman, "just as I was about to discharge my bombs, the 'all clear' was sounded, so I naturally returned at once."

THERE was a little girl,
Who had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead.
When she was good,
She was very, very good,
And when she was bad she was marvellous.

Two fishing enthusiasts met at the edge of a river. To make the day's sport more interesting, they agreed that the one who made the first catch should give the other a drink.

A few minutes after they started the Scotsman pointed out to the Englishman that he had a bite. It was a very poor specimen, but still, it was a catch, and the Englishman kept his word, and duly poured out a drink for his neighbour.

"Ah, weel," said the Scot, as he finished his drink, "I think I'll bait my hook now!"

A LARGE crowd had gathered in the middle of a busy street. A policeman pushed his way through, to find in the centre of the gathering a little man uttering strange noises.

"Wot's all this?" he demanded. "You'll 'ave to move on. Causing an obstruction, you are."

"I'm not doing any harm," the little man protested. "I'm only a bird imitator."

"Bird imitator, are you?" said the constable. "Well, let's see you 'op it!"

THE old farm labourer had to have a pair of spectacles, so he saved up, went to town, and bought a good pair.

"They're real gold," he said to a companion when he returned to the fields next day.

"If they be gold how can you see through 'em?" asked the other.

"Oh, Oi don't mean the glass part," he explained, "but the iron part be all gold."



"It's not so much the silver case—but, there were seven cigarettes in it!"

Two burglars had broken into a tailor's shop and were busy sorting out some suits, when one of them saw one marked ten guineas.

"Ere, Bert, look at the price of that one," he said. "Why, it's downright robbery, ain't it?"

THEY had been quarrelling for months, but the opposing parties—Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Brown—adjourned to the "local" to celebrate an armistice.

"Well," said Mrs. Brown, "I bears no malice." Then she raised her glass, took a deep breath, and went on meaningly: "So 'ere's looking at yer—and 'eaven knows that's a effort!"

"THANK goodness I had the foresight to get in a store of petrol before rationing began," said the young man. "I've enough to last me a year."

The motorist who overheard him was indignant, and went straight to the petrol-rationing authorities. Investigations were made.

"Quite right!" the young man smiled, when the official demanded an explanation. "But I only have a couple of pints."

"A couple of pints!" exclaimed the official. "You said you had enough for a year."

"So I have. It's for my cigarette-lighter. I don't run a car."

HITLER had a parrot of which he was very fond. He used to stand in front of it for hours trying to make it say: "Heil Hitler!"

At last he pleaded: "Say 'Heil Hitler!' once, and I'll give you some monkey-nuts."

"Heil Hitler!" snapped the bird immediately; then added: "I'll say any fool thing for monkey-nuts!"

THE sergeant was inspecting some recruits, when he became conscious of a slight movement behind him, and whipped round.

"You idiot!" he roared at the offending recruit. "Don't you ever point a rifle at me again—even if it is empty."

"But it's not empty," the recruit explained.



"— A funny thing happened yesterday —"



Mens clothes by
Drescott

There may be some difficulty in obtaining Drescott clothes because of the limitation of supplies imposed by H.M. Government on all civilian wear.

But they will adequately repay the extra trouble in looking for them.

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

It is really wonderful the good work which may be achieved by carefully chosen accessories, especially hats. The trio portrayed on this page may be seen at Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly. There is something to suit every type of face. The decorative value of the veil has been exploited. The model at the top of the page on the left is of coarse brown straw, enriched with an argus quill, lightly draped with a veil to tone. The indented crown is effective. The neat hat of the sailor character is of paper panama; the crown is gartered with ribbon, while three shades of pink are present in the coque feather mount. Black hats are ever regarded with favour, finished with gay colours, and there are buttonholes to match



by M. E. Brooke



Proof of the new value of flowers may be seen in the hat above. It has been specially designed for the summer bride and is set well down on the head. It is fashioned of black stitched georgette, with natural pink roses in front and foliage green satin lapels at the back. Its charm may be enhanced with a draped veil. "Slip-on" felt hats with adjustable shady brims are well represented, their sole adornment being a solitary quill that pierces the crown and helps the brim to maintain its correct position. White hats are often accompanied with black Chantilly veils; another conceit is to ornament them with embroidery. Pins are rapidly coming into their own again; some of the heads are carved, being of simuli stones

There are times when war workers, for their health's sake, must have relaxation, and it is for them that Liberty's, Regent Street, have created the simple frock on the right. It is carried out in marine blue and white pin-spotted muslin. The tucked yest is of white, the neat cravat bow being of malmaison red to match the belt. Note the flattering effect of this. Very important are the uncrushable washing dresses from 4 guineas. Furthermore, there is an infinite variety of woollen dresses from 5½ guineas. It must not be overlooked that everything in the tiny tots' department is altogether charming





The Bagman

(Continued from page 367)

Charles Warehorne nodded. "Of course," he said.

"The river was in flood last night. The main arch came down. You didn't know that? You couldn't have crossed the bridge. It wasn't there to cross."

* * *

Two hours later, with Charles Warehorne's signed confession in his pocket, the Chief Constable stood talking to Chief Inspector Iden in the hall at Brenzett.

"I'm sorry, Inspector, that you've been dragged down on this wild-goose chase."

The Inspector shook his head.

"Might have been a sticky case," he said. "What made you suspect Warehorne, sir, in the first instance?"

"Motive; and then the fact that hounds found their fox straight away in the gorse covert. If they hadn't found quickly, an ingeniously worked out plot just wouldn't have worked. As it was, it was clear that Warehorne had had lots of time to kill his brother with no inconvenient spectators, and to make his getaway before Snarve had time to get back. I made inquiries and I found out from the head keeper that there hadn't been a fox in the gorse for a couple of years. He had his own suspicions. We followed them up and it turned out that he was right. The fox they found was a 'bagman.'"

"'Bagman?'" said the Inspector. "I'm afraid, sir, I'm not up in these hunting expressions."

The Chief Constable explained.

"It's a pretty unsporting thing to do, but you can 'plant' a fox in a covert. Bring him along in a sack in the early morning and then turn



Ambulance Commander

Section-Leader Mrs. D. M. Bentley is in command of a new twenty-four ambulance section of the British Volunteer Ambulance Corps, staffed by women volunteers, which has just been posted for service with the Southern Command. Mrs. Bentley served with the first section of the Anglo-French Ambulance Corps in France, and came back from Bordeaux after the capitulation

him loose, so that he'll be there when hounds arrive. And that's what Warehorne did. So as to ensure a certain, quick find. As it happened a local chap spotted him going into the gorse early this morning. He'd set his stage, you see. He knew that hounds would draw the gorse and which way they'd draw it; he knew his brother would be there in his chair; and all he had to do was to get rid of Snarve."

The Chief Constable looked at his watch.

"If we're going to catch that train of yours back to London we ought to be moving."

As the car sped down the dark drive the Inspector grunted: "Neat job, that."

"It worked," said the Chief Constable, "but I had to get the confession out of him by a trick."

"How was that, sir?"

"The west drive. I knew he was lying about that detour of his. So I took a chance on it."

"And that was?"

"Telling him the bridge was down. He fell for it."

"You mean, the bridge hadn't come down?"

"We've just crossed it," said the Chief Constable.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

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Women's Golf in Ireland: the Leinster and the Duggan Cups at Milltown, Co. Dublin



Miss Sybil Moore (Milltown) defeated Mrs. E. J. Fletcher (Hermitage) by 4 and 2 in the final of the Leinster Cup. Among the competitors were three former holders of the Irish Women's title. Miss Moore is an international player who has unaccountably missed championship honours. She was runner-up in the Irish Women's Golf Championship in 1936



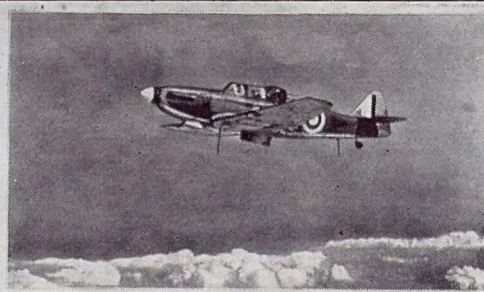
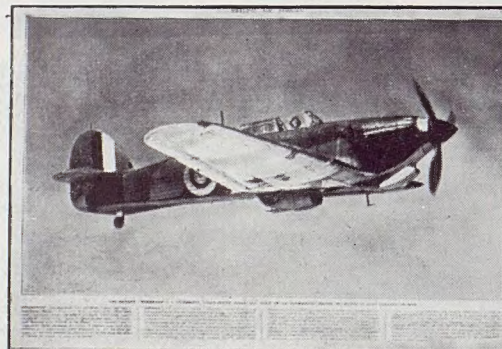
Mrs. Val Reddan, when Miss Clarrie Tiernan, was Irish Woman Golf Champion in 1936 and that of New Jersey in 1937; won the singles and foursomes playing for Great Britain in the Curtis Cup against America. Mrs. E. J. Fletcher, who beat Mrs. Reddan in the second round of the Leinster Cup, was Miss Pat Sherlock, holder of the Irish title in 1934, and semi-finalist in the British Championship, 1938



Mrs. John Beck (Royal Portrush) lost the semi-final of the Leinster Cup, principal women's golfing event of the year, to Mrs. E. J. Fletcher (Hermitage). She is a former Irish internationalist; won the Irish Women's Golf Championship in 1938. Her husband, Wing Commander John B. Beck, R.A.F., was the non-playing captain of the British Walker Cup Team in 1938



Miss Jeanne Reinders (County Louth) is a new golf star in Ireland. She is a native of Holland, now living in Eire, and was the girl golf champion of Holland for four successive years. Miss Reinders won the Duggan Cup played at Milltown, County Dublin, by defeating Mrs. J. B. Hickey (Delgany) by 5 and 4 in the final



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Interesting drawings by our Special War Artist, Captain Bryan de Grineau, include a Whitley receiving its supply of bombs and an operations room of the R.A.F. Fighter Command.

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